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THE CITIZEN.

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VOL. II. | A Family Paper | BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901. | Fifty cents a year. | NO. 34.

IDEAS.

"Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging.—Bible.

Christ changes the city by changing the citizen.

The wife of a heapecked husband has'nt much to crow over.

Sin makes our sorrows, but these sorrows often turn us from sin.

The man who wants to take it easy while others do the rowing ought to pay for the boat.

Take Notice.

On Sunday morning at First Church of Berea, Dr. Burgess will preach on "Elim". At 7:30 p. m. the topic will be "sudden" conversion.

On Wednesday night, Prof. Louis Favour will deliver his brilliant lecture in the College Chapel—"Electricity" is the topic. See hand bills for further information.

At the morning service of the First Church of Berea, the sacrement of baptism will be administered in both modes to quite anumber of candidates for church membership.

FROM THE WIDE WORLD.

The Princess of Austria, elder sister of the King of Spain, will be married to-day to Prince Carlos. It is said to be a love match.

Portugal has been asked to lend troops to England to guard points in South Africa, in order to enable the British at these points to join fighting columns.

London, Feb. 10.—Lord Raglan, Under-Secretary of State for War, informed the correspondent of the Associated Press to-day that Sir Evelyn Wood is not going to South Africa, and that no peace commission is contemplated.

W. T. Stead, in a dispatch to the New York Journal and Advertiser, says: "The accession of King Edward VII. may lead to a pacific settlement of the Nicaragua Canal question. The King and his ministers have no wish to wrangle about a questson in which no material British interests are involved."

IN OUR OWN COUNTRY.

An appropriation of $25,000 has been made to enable the Attorney General to investigate alleged disfranchisement of voters in certain states.

Senator Platt has introduced a bill to provide an appropriation of $500,000 for the Pan American Exposition, which opens in Buffalo, N. Y., May 1, 1901.

The Southern Cotton Spinners Association will meet at Charlotte, N. C. Feb. 16, to arrange for a reduction of acreage of cotton production from 30 to 50 per cent.

Congressman Albert D. Shaw of New York, former Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., was found dea d in his room at the Rigg's House, Washington, Sunday morning.

Three thousand citizens of Topeka, Kas., at a mass meeting Saturday, issued an ultimatum to the joint keepers to close business by to-morrow noon. The saloons have been closed as a result of the mass meeting.

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY.

Henry Youtsey has been taken to Frankfort to serve out the sentence against him.

Mrs. Caswell Bennett resigned as matron of the Central Asylum for the Insane at Lakeland.

Gov. Beckham has appointed Hon. Hanson Kennedy of Carlisle, Circuit Judge of the Eighth Judicial District.

It is believed at Frankfort that opinions in the Powers and Howard cases have been written and that at least one of them will be handed down at an early day.

Sam J. Roberts, Collector of Internal Revenue for the Seventh District of Ky., is in Washington to present to President McKinley the claims of Judge George Denny for the new District Judgeship.

Geo. Carter, a Negro 21 years old, was taken from the jail at Paris at 2 o'clock Monday morning and hanged by a mob. Carter was identified as the Negro who attempted a criminal assault on Mrs. W. E. Board on, Dec. 3, 1900.

Lexington, Feb. 10.—Frances E. Beauchamp, President of the W. C. T. U. of Ky., indorses the saloon smashing by Mrs. Nation, and says that she is proceeding within the clear limits of the law in destroying the joints in Kansas.

Locals and Personals.

Bro. Lodwick is suffering from la grippe.

John Lucas and family left for Indiana, Saturday.

Bro. Derthick is convalescing from an attack of grip.

Mr. W. C. Gamble, the singer from the Moody school, Chicago, left for home Monday. Success attend him.

Guy Tankersley, wants the Citizen to visit him regularly away down in Texas. His address is Galveston, Texas.

Tuesday evening at 7:30 there was a good attendance at the Chapel at Dr' Burgess' Bible Class for Christain workers.

Rev. James Rice, of Bolivar, Mo., assisted by Rev. Mr. McGarity of London, held services at the Baptist Church Sunday.

Ass't. Postmaster Robinson, says the lecture on Saturday night at the Chapel, was the best of its kind he ever listened too.

The Misses Flora and Florence Jones spent Thursday at the home of Postmaster Sigmond of Conway, the occasion being a wedding supper.

We are glad to see Miss Grace Clark on the street again, after an attack of pneumonia. She has resumed her duties in the President's office.

If there is an open meat-market in Berea, the proprieter might not find it amiss to canvass for trade or better still to let it be known through the Citizen.

Mr. C. W. Johnston who has been here for a few months returns this week to Huntsburg, Ohio. He orderdered the Citizen to visit him weekly for another year.

Mr. John Fletcher, wife and daughter who have been visiting old friends and neighbors in Berea and neighborhood, returned to their Illinois home, Tuesday.

Dr. Burgess' subject of discourse at the Chapel on Sunday morning, was well chosen, coming directly after the close of the revival services; "2nd Kings. 7:9" Look it up.

Brother Dodwell, thinks he is settled comfortably now. He has rented the property of Mr. John B. Kerby, on Center St., for a year. The latch string hangs outside always.

Principal E. H. Woodford, of the Manassas Industrial Training School, Manassas, Va., sends a two years' subscription to the Citizen and "kindest wishes for the prosperity of Berea College, and its good people.

Mr. Harold Johnston, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a former student of Berea College, and an active member of Alpha Zeta Literary Society, has presented the Society with a very handsome ebony, silver mounted gavel. It was a graceful gift and fully appreciated by his old comrades.

Approximately 90,000 copies of the Citizen have been sent out since Dec. 6th 1900, to persons in Ky., Tenn., Va., W. Va., and N. Car., and so far as we have learned from the postmasters of the offices to which they have been sent, less than 200 persons have left the paper in the office.

Since Nov. 29, 1900, The Citizen has printed and sent out nearly or quite 200 reams of newspaper of 500 sheets to the ream, enough paper to lay a carpet 23 miles long and 44 inches wide.

Howard Caldwell, State College Secretary of Y. M. C. A. paid a visit to Berea in the interest of the State Convention of Y. M. C. A. to be held in Louisville, Fed. 21-26. Mr. Caldwell led the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday and addressed the students in the College Chapel at prayers Monday morning.

On the night of Friday, February 22nd, Phi Delta and Alpha Zeta Literary Societies will debate in the College Chapel, the question: Resolved, That the present armed invasion of heathen lands by the Christian nations is a detriment to the spread of Christianity. Affirmative, Messrs. Perry Shrock, Jas. Ewers, and Wm. Humphrey of Alpha Zeta. Negative: Messrs. John Chapin, James Racer, and Edwin Embree of Phi Delta.

The Citizen has been receiving many good words lately. C. L. Searcy of Waco, Ky., Says; "I am always glad to receive the Citizen and get double the amount of my subscription from Prof. S. C. Mason's department and other features are as good." A Methodist minister in Virginia, calls the Citizen, "a bright, clean, truly good paper." A father in North Carolina, says, "my 12 year old boy reads it with delight and I want him to have it regularly." We could fill a column with words of this kind. If you are not already a subscriber, order the Citizen for a year.

Madison County.

Miss Mary Coyle, of Richmond will soon open a spring school at Heiress schoolhouse.

Mr. Zachariah Whitaker, aged seventy-six years, died recently at the home of his son George, near Edenton.

Measles and "grip" are still prevalent in Richmond and very seriously so, although few deaths have occurred.

Rev. A. B. Reeves was ordained a minister of the Christian Church, at the First Christian Church, in Richmond, Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Geo. Million Jr. is dangerously ill at his home near Million from the effects of poisoned whiskey which he drank in Richmond Sunday.

The total value of Madison's property as revised by the board of equalization, which completed its work Wednesday, is $8,900,000, an increase of $177,670 over this year's assessment, and 74,270 in advance of last years valuation. The number of marriages in the county last year, as certified to the assessor, is 221; births, 166; deaths, 120

The Dreyfus correspondent of the "Register" writes:

"Three mad dogs have been killed here this week, one belonging to Ike Ogg did a lot of damage before it was killed, after biting Mr. Ogg and his two little boys, left the yard and bit a cow, calf and several hogs, which belonged to him, then on its way down the Park Road it bit no less than a dozen hogs, also several head of Owen Lakes' cattle.

Religion is Our First Concern.

The protracted meeting, brief as it was, has left greater blessings in Berea than any of us anticipated. It is very rarely that a meeting is held with such perfect good spirit and uniform success from beginning to end.

The meeting triumphed over great obstacles, for it seemed as though nearly every household, between the measles and the grippe, contained some person who was ill. Not less than six college workers were incapacitated in a single day. Nevertheless the attendance increased steadily, and if it had been possible to have held the meetings a week longer they would undoubtedly have secured correspondingly greater results.

The great feature of the meeting is the increased love for our neighbors which is manifest on every hand. Certainly thoughts of the great things of God and eternity have made us love each other better.

We are sure that all those who are starting out upon a better life have the prayers and good wishes of all Christian people. We rejoice in them.

The work of Bro. Thomson and the singing of Mr. Gamble (who was here during the last week) will long be remembered with pleasure and gratitude. Bro. Thomson preached forty-five sermons. A list of his first topics apeared last week. The concluding sermons were as follows;

SERMONS TO CHRISTIANS.

Jer. 23:6. Victory over sin.
Col. 3:16. The use of the Bible.
2 Chron. 32:1. [rev. ver.] Let God test your faith.
Luke 11:13. The promise of the Holy Spirit.
Bible study on the second coming of Christ.
Exod. 14:15, "Go forward."
Heb. 10:22, Col. 2:2, Heb. 6:11. The Full Assurance.

SERMONS TO THE UNSAVED.

Isa. 64:6. Morality not enough to save.
2 Tim. 3:16. Inspiration of the Bible.
Gen. 19:14. "Up, get you out of this place, etc."
Luke 15:11-24. The Prodigal Son.
Prov. 27:1. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

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Hurrah for Total Abstinence.

The old Chapel was the scene of an old-fashioned temperance rally last Saturday night. The W. C. T. U. undertook a "big meeting" and every body turned in and helped them. The young men of the College Band did themselves great credit by their music, and Mr. Gamble, who was fortunately in town, brought some wonderfully good singing out of the audience besides entertaining us all with his own solos.

The address was given by Rev. Anna H. Shaw of Philadelphia, one of the national lecturers of the W. C. T. U. It was evident that she was more in the habit of lecturing upon political subjects than total abstinence but she told the story of the women's crusade in a thrilling manner and set forth the duty of fathers in a way we have never heard equalled. The whole wound up with the signing of the pledge, and 282 names were secured.

Such a meeting means much for the welfare of the community, and its blessings will overflow from Berea as they are carried in every direction by our young people.

Total Abstinence.

"The poorhouses in forty-five Kansas counties are empty, and in thirty-seven counties there is not a case on the criminal docket."

The canteen has been cast out of the armies of the United States by the righteous legislation of both houses of our Congress.—Our nation is going out of the liquor business wholly some day.—Ohio Endeavorer.

China prohibited liquor selling in 459 A. D., with the effective penalty of beheading. President J. B. Angell, ex-Minister to China, said that when living in Pekin he would not see three drunken Chinamen in a year.—J. Hudson Taylor.

A symptom of the craving of the saloon for respectability is seen in the willingness with which it pays license. The license brings it to some extent into connection with the government, and the money it pays often goes into the street cleaning fund, and into the school fund.—Frank Ballard.

It is the business, as well as the inclination, of the American pulpit to be aggressive. The pulpit was the real leader of the people up to and through the Revolutionary War. Giving due credit to all other men, organizations and agencies, ever since the Revolutionary War and today the pulpit has been and now is the real leader of the American people, whenever they are led towards higher and better life. The clergy created the missionary societies and preached the Christian duty of their maintenance, and now the whole world is familiar with the story. It would not be many years before that faith would dominate the world if the pulpit would do for the temperance cause what it already has done for the cause of missions at home and abroad. —Ex-Senator H. W. Blair.

Somebody sent a bottle of fine old Scotch whiskey to a South Australian newspaper. The editor tells about it:

"A present in the shape of a bottle of fine old whiskey was kindly sent to the office at 2:00 p. m. on Thursday. Ten minutes past that hour not a dram of the liquor remained; ten seconds later the office boy had sold the bottle at the rag-and-bone shop next door. At 3:30 three men were charged with being drunk and disorderly.

"The editor of this paper returns thanks for the handsome gift, and would feel obliged if the donor of the whiskey would send along $18, a policeman's helmet, a new office boy, four panes of glass, a new street door knocker, and—no more whiskey!"

The "Ohio Endeavoror," is published at Toledo, Ohio. Dr. Burgess, pastor of the Church of Berea, is a member of the Committee on Publication also Superintendent of the Sabbath Observance Department and of the Department of Good Citizenship. The February number is filled with good reading and information. The "Endeavorer" is well edited and well printed.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

Interesting Events Tak ng P ace Throughout the Country Boiled Down and Given in a Condensed Form.

MONDAY.

Ex-King Milan is seriously ill.

Three persons lost their lives and four were injured in a fire in Boston.

Owing to foreign pressure the empress dowager has allowed Emperor Kwang Su to resume the reins of government.

A law and order league was organized at Kansas City, Kan., for the purpose of seeing that the law in regard to saloons and gambling houses is enforced.

Bustos, governor of the island of Calanduanes, and 30 insurgents, including a colonel and two majors, in the province of Albay, Luzon, have been captured.

Three thousand citizens of Topeka, Kan., met in mass meeting and decided that the numerous saloons in the city must close up. They were given until Friday to do so.

An iron box containing $40,000 was stolen from the depot platform at Manilla, Ia., in charge of the express company. Three men have been arrested, suspected of the crime.

In a fight between Louis Botha's and Gen. Smith-Dorrien's forces, near Ermelo, Gen. Spruite was killed and Gen. Randemeier wounded. Twenty Boers were left dead on the field.

A battle was fought at Tabaksberg mountain in which the British were worsted. They were outnumbered five to one by the Boers and were compelled to retreat after a serious loss.

Congressman Albert D. Shaw, of Watertown, N. Y., former commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., was found dead in his room at the Riggs house, Washington. Death was due to apoplexy.

The jailer at Paris, Ky., was overpowered by a mob, and George Carter, colored, dragged from his cell and hanged to an arch in the court house entrance. He had assaulted Banker Board's wife. He had served time in the penitentiary, and was a terror to the community.

SUNDAY.

The German press is aroused over the decoration of Lord Roberts by Emperor William.

One thousand citizens of Holton, Kan., banded together and smashed three saloons there.

British diplomats believe the empire's position has been strengthened since the queen's death.

The physicians give warning that President Kruger can not live very long. His heart action is weak.

Armstrong Bros.' cork factory and the machine shops of Totten & Hogg, Pittsburgh, burned, with a loss of $750,000.

An apparent move to end the Boer war has been made, believed to be due to the influence of King Edward and Emperor William.

Representative Lawrence introduced a bill in the Kansas house to legalize joint smashing. The bill was advanced to second reading.

Queen Alexandra is growing so deaf that before long it is feared she will have to use an ear trumpet. In other ways she is not so strong as formerly.

At Denver, Col., District Judge Booth M. Malone made a new record for industry by hearing three different cases at the same time. His docket is rather crowded, and he resorted to this expedient to relieve the pressure.

SATURDAY.

A scheme is on foot to combine all the independent cereal mills in the country.

The power house of the Omaha Street Railway Co. and contents burned. Loss, $200,000.

Fire destroyed the car stable and 110 cars of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Co. at a loss of $200,000.

With the passing of the canteen at Ft. Myers the troopers on duty there have rechristened the post "Ft. Carrie Nation."

The mining scale which has been in force during the last year, with slight modifications, was agreed to by the joint meeting of miners and operators.

Many business men of Manila have been having business relations with the insurgents. Three more arrests were made and incriminating papers were found.

England will not comply with the demands of the senate in the Nicaragua canal project. An answer will be made in a few days, consisting mainly of counter-proposals.

The belief is spreading among the Chinese that the imperial court will not accept the envoys' demands, especially the demand for the punishment of Tung Fu Hsiang, who practically controls the whole Chinese army.

Mrs. Carrie Nation, the saloon wrecker, delivered a lecture in Kansas City and left for Des Moines, Ia. At the latter place the saloon keepers had prepared 50 rats and mice for her. The barkeepers met the lady with a brass band.

Very little cash will pass between J. Pierpont Morgan and Andrew Carnegie in the big steel deal. Mr. Carnegie will withdraw entirely from the Carnegie Co., taking for the transfer of his stock a sum exceeding $85,000,000 in guaranteed 5 per cent. bonds.

FRIDAY.

Five hundred lives were lost in the great petroleum fire at Baku, Russia.

President Kruger sent a bronze statue of Queen Wilhelmina as a wedding present.

Senator M. A. Hanna was elected a comrade in the Memorial post, G. A. R., of Cleveland.

A passenger train on the Erie road was wrecked at Greenville, Pa., and five passengers were killed and a score injured.

According to the Austrian census, the population of Vienna is 1,635,647, an increase of 293,710 over the census of ten years ago.

Two battalions of the 10th infantry will be brought from Cuba and sent to Manila to take the place of returning volunteers.

Five seamen were scalded to death by the bursting of a steam pipe on the steamer Ventura, bound from Tacoma for San Francisco.

Prince Carlos de Bourbon was proclaimed a son of Spain and took the constitutional oath before the queen regent and other functionaries.

The case against Mrs. Carrie Nation for smashing the Senate saloon, Topeka, Kan., was dismissed, as there is no ordinance covering the destruction of personal property.

Five women, followers of the faith cure healer, invaded two drug stores in Milwaukee avenue, Chicago, and managed to destroy considerable property in one before they could be ejected.

Queen Wilhelmina's marriage to Duke Henry of Mecklenberg-Shwerin, who became Prince Heinrich of the Netherlands, was a huge family affair. All Holland that could went to The Hague to participate. Those who stayed at their homes celebrated with parades, decorations and banquets.

Several hundred cases of dynamite exploded in the San Andres silver mine, on the Sierra Madres, in the state of Durango, Mex. A miners' village was immediately over the underground shaft. The whole top of the mountain was torn away, and 87 men, women and children were killed and many others injured.

THURSDAY.

The King and Queen of England will reside at Marlborough House.

Fire destroyed a lumber yard saw mill and 14 houses in Havanah, entailing a loss of $700,000.

Two Negroes, charged with killing a white man and wounding another, were shot to death in their cells in the jail at Dade City, Fla.

All the Topeka joints closed and proprietors promised to dispose of their stocks of liquor. In the evening, however, they opened up again.

Gen. Julian Acosta, chief of the revolutionary movement in the Carupano district, Venezuela, is a prisoner in the hands of the government forces.

Messrs. Carranza and Carman, Manila merchants, were arrested, charged with trading with armed insurgents and furnishing funds to the insurgents.

The Confederate Veterans' association of Savannah passed resolutions against the invitation of President McKinley to attend the reunion of confederate veterans in Memphis.

The foreign envoys have agreed to spare the lives of Prince Tuan and Duke Lan on account of their relationship to the imperial family. Prince Chwang with eleven other Boxer leaders must be beheaded.

J. Pierpont Morgan and associates have purchased Andrew Carnegie's control in the Carnegie Co. They will establish a billion dollar steel combine. The announcement caused a stir in New York business circles.

THE MARKETS.

	Cincinnati,	Feb. 9.
CATTLE—Common ..	2 50	@ 3 60
Extra butchers	4 30	@ 4 65
CALVES—Extra		@ 7 25
HOGS—Choice packers	5 45	@ 5 47½
Mixed packers	5 35	@ 5 42½
SHEEP—Extra	4 10	@ 4 25
LAMBS—Extra	5 60	@ 5 70
FLOUR—Spring pat..	3 80	@ 4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 red..		@ 78½
CORN—No. 2 mixed..		@ 40
OATS—No. 2 mixed..		@ 27½
RYE—No. 2		@ 57
HAY—Best timothy..		@14 50
PORK—Family		@14 00
LARD—Steam		@ 7 27½
BUTTER—Ch. dairy..		@ 13
Choice creamery....		@ 23
APPLES—Ch. to fancy	2 50	@ 3 25
POTATOES—Per brl .	1 65	@ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	12 00	@13 75
Old	8 00	@12 00
Chicago.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 60	@ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	73½	@ 74½
No. 3 spring	65	@ 71
CORN—No. 2		@ 37⅝
OATS—No. 2	25¼	@ 25½
RYE	50½	@ 51
PORK—Mess	13 85	@13 90
LARD—Mess	7 42½	@ 7 45
New York.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	3 65	@ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red..	80	@ 80½
CORN—No. 2 mixed..		@ 47
OATS—No. 2 mixed ..		@ 33½
RYE		@ 60½
PORK—Family	15 00	@ 15 50
LARD Steam		@ 7 80
Baltimore.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red ..		@ 76¾
Southern	70	@ 77½
CORN—No. 2 mixed..	43⅛	@ 43¼
OATS—No. 2 mixed..	28	@ 28⅛
CATTLE—Butchers ..	4 70	@ 5 10
HOGS—Western	5 80	@ 5 90
Louisville.		
FLOUR—Win. patent.	4 25	@ 4 70
WHEAT—No. 2 red...		@ 77
CORN—Mixed (new).		@ 41
OATS—Mixed		@ 27½
PORK—Mess		@12 50
LARD—Steam		@ 7 25
Indianapolis.		
WHEAT—No. 2 red..		@ 75
CORN—No. 2 mixed..		@ 37¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed..		@ 26

THE MINISTER'S CAT.

Jim Fails to Show the Humility and Good Manners That Might Be Expected of Him.

Not the least important dweller in the home of the pastor of a popular and fashionable up-town church is a Maltese cat, beautifully marked and of rare breed, which shall be called Jim. That is not the real name of this household pet, who would probably scorn so common a one as Jim, but there are reasons why he should not be too closely identified. Jim is no common cat. He knows his friends among the callers at the home of the minister, and those to whom he does not take a fancy are pretty apt to find it out. He knows the at-home day as well as any member of the family, and on that day takes a prominent place on a divan, ready to receive the attentions of those of the callers whom he numbers among his friends and purr his satisfaction when they fondle him.

The minister had occasion to move his residence a short time ago, and of course Jim moved with the family. He did not seem to like the new place. He went from room to room, looked carefully at the wall papers, seemed to sniff at them as though they did not meet his approval, and then he disappeared. An hour later he appeared again, took another look at the wall decorations, and seemed to decide that, unsatisfactory as they were, it was better to endure them than the perils to be encountered abroad.

Next door to the old home of the minister lived a woman who was fond of Jim, and who regretted the circumstances that brought about the change of residence. She wrote a letter the other day and addressed it to Jim. This letter was placed by a maid on the hatrack in the hall, along with other letters delivered at the same time. Jim seemed to know this letter was intended for him, because when a member of the family came downstairs that morning he was found trying to tear open the envelope. Strangely enough, he had never taken such a liberty with a letter before that time and has not disturbed any other letter since.

Although Jim has lived all his life in the home of a minister, he does not always show that humility which would naturally be expected. He likes to make visits, but no other cat is allowed on his premises. Next door to Jim's home is a house he loves to visit. He will roam all through it and play with the cat which lives there, but the other day when the neighbor cat came as if to return a call Jim met him at the door, hit him on the side of the head with a paw, and marched proudly up the stairs, as though he felt he had done something worthy the pet of a minister's household.—N. Y. Herald.

OLD POWDER HOUSE.

Once These Structures Were Numerous, But the Tooth of Time Has Destroyed All But One.

The early inhabitants of the coast of Maine had considerable business on their hands about a century or so ago. The Indians were likely to go upon the warpath at any time, while the more humane but no less sharply awaited British redcoats sailed along the Maine coast, making numerous landings and many threatening demonstrations. The local militia furnished the only troops that could be opposed to the redcoats, and on almost every river a fort was established more or less formidable—principally the latter. The magazine apparently was not constructed within the fort, but a small building was erected at some distance from it, where the powder and other ammunition were stored. One of these odd "powder houses" still stands just outside the village of Wiscasset, Me.—the only one,

WISCASSET POWDER HOUSE.

so far as the writer knows, that is now in existence anywhere, though there may be others, of course. A sketch is here given of this old relic, that is still in good enough preservation, apparently, to land it on another century in the future. Its old plank door, thickly studded with nails, looks still capable of affording considerable resistance to a hostile entrance. For a comparison with present-day military equipments, this old relic possesses not a little interest at the present time.—Farm and Home.

Tricks of a Clever Cat.

A young lady once had a cat that amused itself by drawing all the pins out of the cushion. When the last was removed, it looked up into its mistress' face with an expression that meant: "Please stick them in again." And as often as they were put in just as often were they drawn out. This cat had another favorite amusement. If a vase of flowers stood within reach, it used to pick the flowers out one by one and eat them.

HOW CHOPPIE TRAVELED.

Cat Made the Tour of Europe and America in Company of His Loving Little Mistress.

Choppie is a handsome tortoiseshell cat, which once belonged to a little English girl.

One foggy night, at a hotel in London, Louise and her mother heard a pitiful mewing out on the window ledge. Upon opening the window they soon discovered a little, half starved and frozen kitten, which had wandered over from the neighboring roofs.

Louise begged of her mother to take it in, and at once got some warm milk, and made a bed for it, where it was soon snuggled down asleep. From that time on Choppie became the constant companion of Louise. Whenever and wherever she traveled Choppie went, too—over Italy, Switzerland and the British Isles. Six times

CHOPPIE, THE TRAVELER.

With whiskers long and snowy white,
And eyes of shining green,
This little pet is our delight,
A beauty to be seen.

Choppie crossed the Atlantic between London and New York, and several winters were passed in Florida.

Choppie had a padded basket to travel in, where he would stay so quietly that his fellow-passengers never knew of his existence. At the various hotels where they lived this wise cat would softly creep into a bureau drawer while his mistress went to her meals, and never attempted to come out until she returned with his portion of food.

Choppie was always fond of music, and when his little mistress would play the piano he would curl himself up on one end of it, and softly purr with half-closed eyes while listening to his favorite melodies.—N. Y. Tribune.

PONY KILLS A SNAKE.

Just in the Nick of Time San Jose Appeared and Saved the Lives of Three Children.

A California farmer who has three small children owns a pony called San Jose, which is their constant companion. They have ridden him, rolled over him, fed him and pulled his ears, and evidently consider him one of the family. Even if the children went on an expedition when they did not want to ride, San Jose went along as though he had been a pet dog. One day the three children went on a nutting expedition, and while they gathered the nuts the pony wandered around and grazed. Suddenly, almost beneath the feet of the nut gatherers, there was on ominous whirr, and they saw with horror a huge rattlesnake coiled and ready to strike. The children clustered together with white faces, too terrified to move, but as the deadly head went back there was a quick trample of hoofs, a rush through the bushes, and San Jose leaped into the ring. With his four little sharp hoofs brought together he shot up into the air, landed square on the snake's coil and was off again before the wicked head could strike. The interruption had released the frightened children from the charm, and they ran a short distance away and stopped to witness the fight. The rattler was wounded, but full of fight, and coiled again, and again the pony landed and got away safely. This time the body was nearly severed in two places, and the snake was done for. San Jose pawed over the quivering coil with one fore foot, gave a cheerful whinny and returned to his grazing.

Horse Saves Child's Life.

In Broad street, Newark, N. J., a horse with light buggy was standing at the door of his master's store. The horse was a great pet with the children and was continually eating out of the hands of some member of the family. On this particular morning one of the younger children, a little girl about five years of age, had been playing around his legs. At last, growing tired, she made for the street car tracks, and, unnoticed, fell just as a car came bounding along. Another instant and the horrified spectators expected to see the child crushed beneath the approaching car. The horse gave a strange little "ninny," and suddenly veered towards the track, picked the child up quickly by its clothes, and switched it sideways from the track, just in time to save it from a horrible death.

Biddy Killed a Big Hawk.

An Oregon woman is the owner of a hen that she wouldn't trade for a whole flock of blooded poultry. It is the only hen in Oregon, perhaps in the United States that ever fought and killed a hawk. The hen was tending her brood in the usual way, when a chicken hawk made its descent. The hen didn't squawk and run, but, with a fierce and well-directed blow, buried her bill beneath the hawk's left wing. It may have been a chance blow, but it did its work effectually. The hawk seemed surprised and dazed. It feebly arose, flew aimlessly against a clothesline, and then dropped into the garden stone dead.

THIS WIDOW TROUBLETH ME.

A Police Court Scene—Heart-Broken Mother Strikes Saloon Keeper Who Ruined Her Boy.

"No. 25!"

"Bring in No. 25!"

"The court is waiting for No. 25!"

There is a little hanging back on the part of the usually prompt official but in a moment more a tall, fine-looking woman was brought in and waited the usual questioning.

There was something so piteously desperate in the prisoner's appearance, and her great haunted eyes had such a look of anguish that the judge, accustomed to all sad sights and sounds, hesitated before asking with unwonted gentleness:

"What is your name, my woman, and where were you born?"

"My name is Aleen Burne, yer honor, an' I were born in Aberdeen, off the Scottish coastland."

"And you are charged with striking a man."

"I am, yer honor."

"And you meant to?"

"I did, indeed, yer honor. He's kilt me, yer honor."

The woman spoke with a low, impassioned wail which caused respectful attention.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He stabbed me to the heart, yer honor."

"Stabbed you! Suppose you tell me about it."

"I will. Ye might no ken wha' it is, yer honor, to hev one bonnie laddie, an' none else. I lef' the gude father o' my

"YOU ARE CHARGED WITH STRIKING A MAN."

lad a sleeping in the kirkyard when I brought my wee bairnie to this land. For many a year I toiled in sun an' shade for my winsome Robbie. He growed so fine an' tall that he were ta'en to a gentleman's store to help. Then this man McGinnis set his den on my way to an' fra' the bread store, an' he minded 'twas mesel' hated the uncanny look o' the place. An' one morn' as I passed by he said I needn't be so grand about my b'y; he were no above ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest. I begged my chiel for the love of God to let the stoof alone. Me Robbie promised to bide me wishes; but the mon McGinnis watchet o' the nights when 'twere cauld and stormin', an' gave the lad many a cup o' his dredful drinks, to warm him, he would say. I got on me knees to me bairn and prayed him pass the place no more, but to gang to hame by some other road. Then I went mesel' to the mon, an' p'raps ye ken, yer honor, how a mither wud beg an' pray for the bone o' her bone an' flesh o' her flesh; but he laughed in me face. Las' night, yer honor, the noise at me door frightened me; I runned wi' all me micht to see wha' were the trouble, an' me Robbie swayed into the room an' fell at me feet—he were drunk, yer honor! Then McGinnis poket his face in at the door an' asked: 'Wha' think ye now, Mistress Burne?' Did I mean to strike the mon, yer honor? An' I could, I'd a struck the breth fra' his body! Ye'd better keep me wi' lock an' key till me gloom dies out; but, oh, jedge, jedge, I wish mesel' an' me lad were in the kirkyard aside the gude father! They tell me if I could prove the mon sold liquor to the bairn under age, the law could stop him. I tell ye, jedge, there's naught but God's vengeance can stop his ilk. It's well enough to arrest the mither as strikes the mon as ruins her bairn, but wait ye till the Lord Almighty strikes — aye — wait ye for that!"

"Does the reporter tell no more?" our readers will demand. "Surely the magistrate discharged the woman?" Yes, she was pronounced discharged. But does that meet all the claims of justice? The civil government owes that widow and all the mothers of the land protection from this heartless enemy which for gain seduces and ruins their children. When shall their importunate cry be regarded? We read concerning the importunate widow that at last even the unjust judge said: "I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me."—Presbyterian Banner.

Tennessee Law Holds Good.

State regulation of the sale of cigarettes has been declared by the United States supreme court to be valid and no infringement of the right of congress to control interstate commerce. The decision was handed down in the case of William B. Austin vs. the state of Tennessee, and sustained the judgment of the Tennessee supreme court upholding the validity of the statute now in force in that state.—Union Signal.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for February 17, 1901—The Lord's Supper.

THE LESSON TEXT.
(Matthew 26:17-30.)

17. Now the first day of the feast of unleavened bread the disciples came to Jesus, saying unto Him, Where wilt thou that we prepare for Thee to eat the passover?

18. And He said, Go into the city to such a man, and say unto him, The Master saith, My time is at hand; I will keep the passover at thy house with my disciples.

19. And the disciples did as Jesus had appointed them; and they made ready the passover.

20. Now when the even was come, He sat down with the twelve.

21. And as they did eat, He said, Verily, I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me.

22. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto Him, Lord, is it I?

23. And he answered and said, He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me.

24. The Son of Man goeth as it is written of Him; but woe unto the man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born.

25. Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Master, is it I? He said unto him, Thou hast said.

26. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is my body.

27. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;

28. For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

29. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom.

30. And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This do in remembrance of me.—Luke 22:19.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

On Wednesday of the crucifixion week Jesus was in retirement. Thursday evening the passover supper was partaken of by Jesus and His disciples in an upper room in Jerusalem. It is supposed by some that this upper room was in the home of Mary, the mother of Mark. It was in "an upper room" of this house where the Holy Spirit was poured out on Pentecost. The lesson covers the following points:

1. Preparation for the Passover.—Ver. 17-19.
2. The Approaching Betrayal.—Ver. 20-25.
3. Institution of the Lord's Supper.—Ver. 26-30.

After Jesus had ended His talk with His disciples on the Mount of Olives they went on to Bethany and remained there quietly on Wednesday and part of Thursday. Meanwhile Judas went to the chief priests and elders and planned with them to betray Jesus into their hands.

On Thursday evening was the feast of the Passover, for which a great multitude of Jews had come to Jerusalem from all parts of the world. It was held in the spring of each year, about the middle of our April, in memory of that night 1,500 years before, when God had delivered their forefathers from slavery in Egypt. Read in Exod. 12 of the Lord's command to kill a lamb and sprinkle the blood on the door, and how the destroying angel passed over the homes of all who obeyed that command. So they were saved through the blood of the lamb.

The Passover supper was not only in memory of the past, but to remind them of the future, of the time when one should come who would deliver them from a greater danger—eternal death. Read in Mark 14:13-16 of the strange manner in which two of the disciples found a room where they made the supper ready. Our lesson tells us how Jesus showed Judas that He knew what he had done; and John 13:30 says that the traitor went out into the dark night, leaving Jesus and the 11 faithful ones alone.

Hundreds of thousands of lambs had been slain that the Passover supper might be kept. Now Jesus, Himself the true Lamb of God, was to die the very next morning, that thus God for His sake might pass over our sins. There would then be no more need for the Passover supper, for its meaning would be fulfilled. But people forget so easily that, strange as it may seem, something was needed to keep in memory that wonderful event—the Lamb slain for us. So Jesus appointed a new memory supper to take the place of the old. This is what we call the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

The death, the burial, and the resurrection by which we pass from the old life to the new, is pictured in baptism. This is the great confession of faith, by which we enter His church. Then the great truths of salvation through the death of Christ and the new life are set forth in the communion.

Good Fortune of Ill Fortune.

It is idle to try to enjoy trouble, but it is rational to withhold judgment as to whether trouble be really the design of an experience that seems grievous. It has happened a thousand times that some apparent misfortune has given birth to a vast blessing, thus in the issue proving itself actual good fortune. Paul, for instance, tells in the Philippians that the apparent calamity of his imprisonment has resulted in immense success and joy—"So that my bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole praetorian guard, and to all the rest." Full trust in the divine in the face of buffetings is warranted by many an experience, no less than by the wholly merciful quality of God's fatherhood.—S. S. Times.

Grapes from Canaan.

It is best to kill serpents in the egg.

Dignity depends not on the task, but on the master.

Moral diseases breed in the swamp of the impure heart.

A man shows his character most often by what he laughs at.

Love never worries about future rewards; it has its reward in loving.

Job was willing to serve God for naught but God would not let him.

No man has the right to say: "I have got to live;" he must live to say: "I have got to do right."—Ram's Horn.

JOHN BRENT.

Maj. Theodore Winthrop's Great Story.--Horses, Hunting and Adventures in the West.

CHAPTER XIII.--(Continued.)

"I am glad to be out of that noisy rabble," said I as we passed from the gate. "The stars seemed to look disdainfully on them. I can not be entertained by that low comedy, with tragedy sitting beside our friends' wagon."

"The stars," said Brent, bitterly, "are cold and cruel as destiny. There is heaven overhead, pretending to be calming and benignant, and giving no help, while I am thinking in agony what can be done to save from any touch of shame or deeper sorrow that noble daughter."

"It is a fine night for a gallop," I repeated.

"There they are. We must keep them out of the fort, Wade. If you love me, detain the old man in talk for half an hour."

"Certainly; half a century if it will do any good."

Mr. Clitheroe and his daughter were walking slowly toward the fort. He appealed to us as we approached.

"I am urging my daughter to join in the amusements of the evening," said he. "You know, my dear, that many of our old Lancashire neighbors still would be pleased to see you a lady patroness of their innocent sports, and lending your countenance to their healthy hilarity. A little gayety will do you good, I am sure. This ball may not be elegant, but it will be cheerful, and of course conducted with great propriety, since Brother Sizzum is present. I am afraid he will miss us and be offended. That must not be, Ellen dear. We must not offend Brother Sizzum in any way whatever. We must consider that his wishes are sovereign; for is he not the chosen apostle?"

Brent and I could both have wept to hear this crazy stuff.

"Pray, father dear," said Miss Clitheroe, "do not insist upon it. We shall both be wearied out, if we are up late after our day's march."

It was clearly out of tenderness to him that she avoided the real objections she must have to such a scene.

"It is quite too noisy and dusty for Miss Clitheroe in the fort," said I, and I took his arm. "Come, sir, let us walk about and have a chat in the open air."

I led him off, poor old gentleman, facile under my resolute control. All he had long ago needed was a firm man friend to take him in hand and be his despot; but the weaker he was, the less he could be subject to his daughter. It is the feeble, unmasculine men who fight most petulantly against the influence and power of women.

"Well, Mr. Wade," said he, "perhaps you are right. We have only to fancy this the terrace outside the chateau, and it is much according to rule to promenade here as to stifle in the ball-room. You are very kind, gentlemen, both, to prefer our society to the entertainment inside. Certainly Brother Bottery's violin is not like one of our modern bands; but when I was your age I could dance to anything and anywhere. I suppose young men see so much more of the world now, that they outgrow those fancies sooner."

So we walked on, away from the harsh sounds of the ball. Brent dropped behind, talking earnestly with the lady.

CHAPTER XIV.

HUGH CLITHEROE.

Mr. Clitheroe grew more and more communicative as we wandered about over the open. I drew from him, or rather, with a few words of guidance now and then, let him impart his history. He seemed to feel that he had an explanation to offer. Men whose life has been error and catastrophe rarely have much pride of reticence. Whatever friendly person can hear their apology, can hear it. That form of more lamentable error called Guilt is shyer of the confessional; but it also feels its need of telling to brother man why it was born in the heart in the form of some small sin.

Again Mr. Clitheroe talked of the scenes of his youth and prosperity. He "babbled of green fields," and parks, and great country houses, and rural life. So he went on to talk of himself, and, leaving certain blanks, which I afterwards found the means of filling, told his story. A sad story! A pitiful story! Sadder and more pitiful to me because a filial feeling toward this hapless gentleman was all the while growing stronger in my heart. I have already said that I was fatherless from infancy. This has left a great want in my life. I can not find complete compensation for the lack of a father's love in my premature manhood and my toughening against the world too young. I yearned greatly toward the feeble old man, my companion in that night walk on the plain of Fort Bridger. I longed to do by him the duties of sonship; as, indeed, having no such duties, I have often longed when I found age weak and weary. And as I begun to feel son-like toward the father, a sentiment simply brotherly took its place in my heart for the daughter, whose love my friend, I believe, was seeking.

A sad history was Mr. Clitheroe's. He was a prosperous gentleman once one of the ancient families of his country.

"We belong," he said, "to the oldest gentry of England. We have been living at Clitheroe Hall, and where the hall now stands, for centuries. Our family history goes back into the pre-historic times. We have never been very famous; we have always sustained our dignity. We might have had a dozen peerages; but we were too much on the side of liberty, of free speech and free thought, to act with the powers that be.

"There was never a time, until my day, when one of us was not in parliament for Clitheroe. Clitheroe had two members, and one of the old family that gave its name to the town, and got for it its franchise, was always chosen without contest.

"It is a lovely region, sir, where the town of Clitheroe and the old manor-house of my family stand—the fairest part of Lancashire. If you have only seen, as you say, the flat country about Liverpool and Manchester, you do not know at all what Lancashire can do in scenery. Why, there is Pendle Hill—it might be better called a mountain—Pendle Hill rises almost at my door-step, at the door of Clitheroe Hall. Pendle Hill, sir, is eighteen hundred and odd feet high. And a beautiful hill it is. I talked of the Wind River mountains this afternoon; they are very fine; but I never should have learned to love heights if my boyhood had not been trained by the presence of Pendle Hill.

"And there is the Ribble, too. A lovely river, coming from the hills—such a stream as I have not seen on this continent. I do not wish to make harsh comparisons, but your Mississippi and Missouri are more like ditches than rivers, and as to the Platte, why, sir, it seems to me no better than a chain of mud pools. But the Ribble is quite another thing. I suppose I love it more because I have dabbled in it a boy, and bathed in it a man, and have seen it flow on always a friend, whether I was rich or poor. Nature, sir, does not look coldly on a poor man, as humanity does. The river Ribble and Pendle Hill have been faithful to me—they and my dear Ellen, always. Perhaps I tire you with this chat," he said.

"O no!" replied I. "I should be a poor American if I did not love to hear of Mother England everywhere and always."

"I almost fear to talk about home—our old home, I mean—to my dear child. She might grow a little homesick, you know. And how could she understand, so young and a woman, too, that duty makes exile needful? Of course I do not mean to suggest that we deem our new home in the Promised Land an exile."

And he again gave the same anxious look I had before observed; as if he dreaded that I had the power to dissolve an unsubstantial illusion.

"I wish I had thought," he continued, "to show you, when you were at tea, a picture of Clitheroe Hall I have. It is my daughter Ellen's work. She has a genius for art, really a genius. We have been living in a cottage near there, where she could see the hall from a window—dear old place!—and she has made a capital drawing of it."

"You had left it?" I asked. He had paused, commanded by his melancholy recollections.

"O yes! Did I not tell you about my losses? I was a rich man and prosperous once. I kept open house, sir, in my wife's lifetime. She was a great beauty. My dear Ellen is like her, but she has no beauty—a good girl and daughter, though, like all young people, she has a juvenile wish to govern—but no beauty. Perhaps she will grow handsome when we grow rich again."

"Few women are so attractive as Miss Clitheroe," I said, baldly enough.

"I have tried to be a good father to her, sir. She should have had diamonds and pearls, and everything that young ladies want, if I had succeeded. But you ought to have seen Clitheroe Hall, sir, in its best days. Such oaks as I had in my park! One of those oaks is noticed in Evelyn's Silva. One day, a great many years ago, I found a young man sitting under that oak writing verses. I was hospitable to him, and gave him luncheon, which he ate with a very good appetite, if he was a poet. I did not ask his name; but not three months after I received a volume of poems, with a sonnet among them, really very well done, very well done indeed, inscribed to the Clitheroe Oak. The volume, sir, was by Mr. Wordsworth, quite one of our best poets in his way, the founder of a new school."

"A very pleasant incident!"

"Yes, indeed. The poet was fortunate, was he not? But if you are fond of pictures, I should have liked to show you my Vandykes. We had the famous Clitheroe Beauty, an earl's daughter, maid of honor to Queen Henrietta Maria. She chose plain Hugh Clitheroe before all the noblemen of the court;—we Clitheroes have always been fortunate in that way. I said plain Hugh, but he was as handsome a cavalier as ever wore rapier. He might have been an earl himself, but he took the part of liberty, and was killed on the Parliament side at Edgemoor. I had his portrait too, a Vandyke, and one of the best pictures he ever painted, as I believe is agreed by connoisseurs. You should have seen the white horse, sir, in that picture,—full of gentleness and spirit, and worthy the handsome cavalier just ready to mount him."

As the old gentleman talked of his heroic ancestor, a name not unknown to history, he revived a little, and I saw an evanescent look of his daughter's vigor in his eye. It faded instantly; he sighed, and went on.

"I should almost have liked to live in those days. It is easier to die for a holy cause than to find one's way along through life. I have found it pretty hard, sir,—pretty hard,—and I hope my day of peace is nearly come."

How could I shatter his delusion, and thunder in his ear that this hope was a lie?

"I had a happy time of it," he continued, "till after my Ellen's birth, and I ought to be thankful for that. I had my dear wife and hosts of friends,—so I thought them. To be sure I spent too much money, and sometimes had rather too gay an evening over the claret at my old oak dining table. But that was harmless pleasure, sir. I was always a kind landlord. I never could turn out a tenant nor arrest a poacher. I suppose I was too kind. I might have better saved some of the money I gave to my people in beef and beer on holidays. But it made them happy. I like to see everybody happy. That was my chief pleasure. The people were very poor in England then, sir—not that they are not poor now—and I used to be very glad when a good old English holiday or a birthday, gave me a chance to give them a little festival."

I could imagine him the gentle, genial host. Fate should have left him there in the old hall, dispensing frank hospitality all his sunny days and bland season through, lunching young poets and showing his Vandykes with proper pride to strangers. His story carried truth on its face. In fact, the man was all the while an illustration of his own tale. Every tone and phrase convicted him of his own character.

"It sometimes makes me a little melancholy," he continued, "to speak of those happy days. Not that I regret the result I have at last attained! Ah, no! But the process was a hard one. I have suffered, sir, suffered greatly on my way to peace and confidence I have attained."

"You have attained these?" I said.

"Yes; thank God this Latter-Day revelation of his truth! I used to think rather carelessly of religion in those times. I suppose it is only the contact with sin and sorrow that teaches a man to look from the transitory to the eternal. Shade makes light precious, as an artist would say. I was brought up, you know, sir, in the Church of England; but when I began to think, its formalism wearied me. I could not understand what seemed to me then the complex machinery of its theology. I thought, sir, as no doubt my people of the poetic temperament and little experience think, that God deals with men without go-betweens; that he acts directly on the character by the facts of nature and the thoughts in every soul. It was not until I grew old and sad that I began to feel the need of something distinct and tangible to rest my faith upon, and even then, sir, I was sceptical of the need of revelations and Messiahs and miracles, until I learned through the testimony of living witnesses—yes, of living witnesses—that such things have come in the Latter Day. Yes, sir, the facts of what you call Mormonism, its miracles, its revelations, which do not cease, and its new Messiah, have given me faith.

"But I have not told you," the old gentleman went on, "about my disasters. Perhaps you are getting tired of my prattle, sir, my old man's talk. I am really not so very old, if my hair is thin, and my beard gray—barely fifty, and after this journey I expect to be quite a boy again. I suppose you were surprised this afternoon, when I spoke of having worked in a coal mine, were you not?"

The old man seemed to have some little pride in this singularity of fortune. I expressed the proper interest in such a change of destiny.

"You shall hear how it happened," he said. "You remember—no, you are too young to remember, but you have heard how we all went mad about mills and mines in Lancashire some twenty years ago."

"Yes," said I, "it was then that steam and cotton began to understand each other, and coal and negroes became important."

"What a panic of speculation we all rushed into in Lancashire!" said the old gentleman. "We all felt, we gentlemen, that we were mere idlers, not doing our duty, as England expects every man to do, unless we were building chimneys or digging pits. We were all either grubbing down in the bowels of the earth for coal, or rearing great chimneys up in the air to burn it. I really think most of us began to like smoke better than blue sky; certainly it tasted sweeter to us than our good old English fog.

"Well, sir," continued he, "I was like my neighbors. I must dabble in milling and mining. I was willing to be richer. Indeed, as soon as I began to speculate, I thought myself richer, I spent more money. I went deeper into my operations. One can throw a great treasure into a coal-mine without seeing any return, and can send a great volume of smoke up a chimney before the mill begins to pay. It is an old story. I will not tire you with it. I was all at once a ruined man."

He paused a moment, and looked about the dim, star-lit prairie, with the white wagons and the low fort in the distance.

(To be continued.)

The rivers of the Emerald Isle have generally a dark color, owing to the fact that most of them at some point in their course flow through peat marshes or beds, which impart a dark hue to the water.

It is a popular belief that a holly bush planted near a dwelling protects the house from lightning.

A SILENT RELIGION.

Dr. Talmage Sets Forth Its Evils in His Sermon.

Duty of Christians to Speak Out Heartily on the Side of Righteousness—Casting Out the Dumb Spirit.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.)

In this discourse Dr. Talmage calls for a more demonstative religion and a hearty speaking out on the right side of everything; text, Mark 9:25: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, I charge thee, come out of him."

Here was a case of great domestic anguish. The son of the household was possessed of an evil spirit, which, among other things, paralyzed his tongue and made him speechless. When the influence was on the patient, he could not say a word—articulation was impossible. The spirit that captured this member of the household was a dumb spirit—so called by Christ—a spirit abroad to-day and as lively and potent as in the New Testament times. Yet in all the realms of sermondom I cannot find a discourse concerning this dumb devil which Christ charged upon in my text, saying: "Come out of him."

There has been much destructive superstition abroad in the world concerning possession by evil spirits. Under the form of belief in witchcraft, this delusion swept the continents. Persons were supposed to be possessed with some evil spirit, which made them able to destroy others. In the sixteenth century in Geneva 1,500 persons were burned to death as witches. In one neighborhood of France 1,000 persons were burned. In two centuries 200,000 persons were slain as witches. So mighty was the delusion that it included among its victims some of the greatest intellects of all time, such as Chief Justice Matthew Hale and Sir Edward Coke, and such renowned ministers of religion as Cotton Mather, one of whose books, Benjamin Franklin said, shaped his life—and Richard Baxter, and Archbishop Cranmer and Martin Luther; and, among writers and philosophers, Lord Bacon. That belief, which has become the laughing stock of all sensible people, counted its disciples among the wisest and best people of Sweden, Germany, England, France, Spain and New England. But while we reject witchcraft, any man who believes the Bible must believe that there are diabolical agencies abroad in the world. While there are ministering spirits to bless there are infernal spirits to hinder, to poison and to destroy. Christ was speaking to a spiritual existence when, standing before the afflicted one of the text, he said: "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of him."

Against this dumb devil of the text I put you on your guard. Do not think that this agent of evil has put his blight on those who, by omission of the vocal organs, have had the golden gates of speech bolted and barred. Among those who have never spoken a word are the most gracious and lovely and talented souls that were ever incarnated. The chaplains of the asylums for the dumb can tell you enchanting stories of those who never called the name of father or mother or child, and many of the most devout and prayerful souls will never in this world speak the name of God or Christ.

There has been apotheosization of silence. Some one has said silence is golden, and sometimes the greatest triumph is to keep your mouth shut. But sometimes silence is a crime and the direct result of the baleful influence of the dumb devil of our text. There is hardly a man or woman who has not been present on some occasion when the Christian religion became a target for raillery. Perhaps it was over in the store some day when there was not much going on, and the clerks were in a group, or it was in the factory at the noon spell, or it was out on the farm under the trees while you were resting, or it was in the clubroom, or it was in a social circle, or it was in the street on the way home from business, or it was on some occasion which you remember without my describing it. Some one got the laugh on the Bible and caricatured the profession of religion as hypocrisy, or made a pun out of something that Christ said. The laugh started, and you joined in, and not one word of protest did you utter. What kept you silent? Modesty? No. Incapacity to answer? No. Lack of opportunity? No. It was a blow on both your lips by the wing of the dumb devil. If some one should malign your father or mother or wife or husband or child, you would flush up quick and either with an indignant word or doubled up fist make response. And yet here is our Christian religion which has done so much for you and so much for the world that it will take all eternity to celebrate it, and yet when it was attacked you did not so much as say: "I differ. I object. I am sorry to hear you say that. There is another side to this." You Christian people ought in such times as these to go armed, not with earthly weapons, but with the sword of the spirit. You ought to have four or five questions with which you could confound any man who attacks Christianity. A man 90 years old was telling me how he put to flight a scoffer. My aged friend said to the skeptic: "Did you ever read the history of Joseph in the Bible?" "Yes," said the man, "it is a fine story, and as interesting a story as I ever read." "Well, now," said my old friend, "suppose that account of Joseph stopped half way?" "Oh," said the man, "then it would not be entertaining." "Well, now," said my friend, "we have in this world only half of everything, and do you not think that when we hear the last half things may be consistent, and that then we may find that God was right?"

Oh, friends, better load up with a few interrogation points! You cannot afford to be silent when God and the Bible and the things of eternity are assailed. Your silence gives consent to the bombardment of your Father's house. You allow a slur to be cast on your mother's dying pillow. In behalf of the Christ, who for you went through the agonies of assassination on the rocky bluff back of Jerusalem, you dared not face a sickly joke. Better load up with a few questions, so that next time you will be ready. Say to the scoffer: "My dear sir, will you tell me what makes the difference between the condition of woman in China and in the United States? What do you think of the sermon on the mount? How do you like the golden rule laid down in the Scriptures? Are you in favor of the Ten Commandments? In your large and extensive reading have you come across a lovelier character than Jesus Christ? Will you please to name the triumphant deathbeds of infidels and atheists? How do you account for the fact that among the out and out believers in Christianity were such persons as Benjamin Franklin, John Ruskin, Thomas Carlyle, Babington, Macaulay, William Penn, Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Horace Bushnell, James A. Garfield, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Admiral Foote, Admiral Farragut, Ulysses S. Grant, John Milton, William Shakespeare, Chief Justice Marshall, John Adams, Daniel Webster, George Washington? How do you account for their fondness for the Christian religion? Among the innumerable colleges and universities of the earth will you name me three started by infidels and now supported by infidels? Down in your heart are you really happy in the position you occupy antagonistic to the Christian religion? When do you have the most rapturous views of the next world?" Go at him with a few such questions, and he will get so red in the face as to suggest apoplexy, and he will look at his watch and say he has an engagement and must go. You will put him in a sweat that will beat a Turkish bath. You will put him on a rout compared with which our troops at Bull Run made no time at all. Arm yourself, not with arguments, but interrogation points, and I promise you victory. Shall such a man as you, shall such a woman as you, surrender to one of the meanest spirits that ever smoked up from the pit—the dumb devil spoken of in the text?

But then there are occasions when this particular spirit that Christ exorcised when He said: "I charge thee to come out of him," takes people by the wholesale. In the most responsive religious audience have you noticed how many people never sing at all? They have a book, and they have a voice, and they know how to read. They know many of the tunes, and yet are silent while the great raptures of music pass by. Among those who sing not one out of a hundred sings loud enough to hear his own voice. They hum it. They give a sort of religious grunt. They make the lips go, but it is inaudible. With a voice strong enough to stop a street car one block away all they can afford in the praise of God is about half a whisper. With enough sopranos, enough altos, enough bassos to make a small heaven between the four walls they let the opportunity go by unimproved. The volume of voice that ascends from the largest audience that ever assembled ought to be multiplied two thousandfold. But the minister rises and gives out the hymn, the organ begins, the choir or precentor leads, the audience are standing so that the lungs may have full expansion, and a mighty harmony is about to ascend when the evil spirit spoken of in my text—the dumb devil—spreads his two wings, one over the lips of one half the audience and the other wing over the lips of the other half of the audience, and the voices roll back into the throats from which they started, and only here and there anything is heard, and nine-tenths of the holy power is destroyed, and the dumb devil, as he flies away, says: "I could not keep Isaac Watts from writing that hymn, and I could not keep Lowell Mason from composing the tune to which it is set, but I smote into silence or half silence the lips from which it would have spread abroad to bless neighborhoods and cities and then mount the wide open heavens." Give the long meter doxology the full support of Christendom, and those four lines would take the whole earth for God.

That hymn, "Oh, For a Thousand Tongues to Sing," was suggested to Charles Wesley by Peter Bohler, who, after his conversion, said: "I had better keep silent about it." "No," said Wesley, "if you had 10,000 tongues, you had better use them for Christ." And then that angel of hymnology penned the words:

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life and health and peace.

While much of the modern music is a religious doggerel, a consecrated nonsense, a sacred imbecility, I would like to see some great musician of our time lift the baton and marshal "Luther's Judgment Hymn," "Yarmouth," "Dundee," "Ariel," "Battlestreet," "Uxbridge," "Pleyel's Hymn," "Harwell," "Antioch," "Mount Pisgah" and "Coronation," with a few regiments of mighty tunes made in our own time, and storm Asia, Africa and America for the kingdom of God. But the first thing to do is to drive out the dumb devil of the text from all our churches.

Do not, however, let us lose ourselves in generalities. Not one of us but has had our lives sometimes touched by the evil spirit of the text—this awful dumb devil. We had just one opportunity of saying a Christian word that might have led a man or woman into a Christian life. The opportunity was fairly put before us. The word of invitation or consolation or warning came to the inside gate of the mouth, but there it halted. Some hindering power locked the jaws together so that they did not open. The tongue lay flat and still in the bottom of the mouth as though struck with paralysis. We were mute. Though God had given us the physiological apparatus for speech and our lungs were filled with air which by the command of our will could have made the larnygeal muscles move and the vocal organs vibrate, we were wickedly and fatally silent. For all time and eternity we missed our chance, or it was a prayer meeting, and the service was thrown open for prayer and remarks, and there was a dead halt—everything silent as a graveyard at midnight. Indeed, it was a graveyard and midnight. An embarrassing pause took place that put a wet blanket on all the meeting. Men, bold enough on business exchange or in worldly circles, shut their eyes as though they were praying in silence, but they were not praying at all. They were busy hoping somebody else would do his duty. The women flushed under the awful pause and made their fans more rapidly flutter. Some brother, with no cold, coughed, by that sound trying to fill up the time, and the meeting was slain. But what killed it? The dumb devil. This is the way I account for the fact that the stupidest places on earth are some prayer meetings. I do not see how a man can keep any grace if he regularly attends them. They are spiritual refrigerators. Religion kept on ice. How many of us have lost occasions of usefulness? In a sculptor's studio stood a figure of the god Opportunity. The sculptor had made the hair fall down over the face of the statue so as to completely cover it, and there were wings to the feet. When asked why he so represented Opportunity, the sculptor answered: "The face of the statue is thus covered because we do not recognize Opportunity when it comes, and the wings to the feet show that Opportunity is swiftly gone.

But do not let the world deride the church because of all this, for the dumb devil is just as conspicuous in the world. The great political parties assemble at the proper time to build platforms for the candidates to stand on. A committee of each party is appointed to make the platform. After proper deliberation, the committees come in with a ringing report: "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Pronunciamentos all shaped with the one idea of getting the most votes. All expression in regard to the great moral evils of the country ignored. No expression in behalf of temperate living, for that would lose the vote of the liquor traffic. No expression in regard to the universal attempt at the demolition of the Lord's day. No recognition of God in the history of nations, for that would lose the vote of atheists. But "Whereas," and "Whereas," and "Whereas." Nine cheers will be given for the platform. The dumb devil of the text puts one wing over one platform and the other wing over the other platform. Those great conventions are opened with prayer by their chaplains. If they avoided platitudes and told the honest truth in their prayers they would say: "O Lord, we want to be postmasters and consuls and foreign ministers and United States district attorneys. For that we are here, and for that we will strive till the election next November. Give us office, or we die. Forever and ever, amen." The world, to say the least, is no better than the church on this subject of silence at the wrong time. In other words, is it not time for Christianity to become pronounced and aggressive as never before? Take sides for God and sobriety and righteousness. "If the Lord be God, follow Him." Have you opportunity of rebuking a sin? Rebuke it. Have you a chance to cheer a disheartened soul? Cheer it. Have you a useful word to speak? Speak it.

Be out and out, up and down for righteousness. If your ship is afloat on the Pacific ocean of God's mercy, hang out your colors from the masthead. Show your passport, if you have one. Do not smuggle your soul into the harbor of Heaven. Speak out for God! Close up the chapter of lost opportunities and open a new chapter. Before you get to the door on your way out shake hands with some one and ask him to join you on the road to Heaven. Do not drive up to Heaven in a two-wheeled "sulky" with room only for one, and that yourself, but get the biggest Gospel wagon you can find and pile it full of friends and neighbors and shout till they hear you all up and down the skies: "Come with us, and we will do you good, for the Lord hath promised good concerning Israel." The opportunity for good which you may consider insignificant may be tremendous for results, as when on the sea Capt. Haldane swore at the ship's crew with an oath that wished them all in perdition, and a Scotch sailor touched his cap and said: "Captain, God hears prayer, and we would be badly off if your wish were answered." Capt. Haldane was convicted by the sailor's remark and converted and became the means of the salvation of his brother Robert, who had been an infidel, and then Robert became a minister of the Gospel, and under his ministry the godless Felix Neff became the world-renowned missionary of the cross, and the worldly Merle d'Aubigne became the author of "The History of the Reformation" and will be the glory of the church for all ages. Perhaps you may do as much as the Scotch sailor who just tipped his cap and used one broken sentence by which the earth and the heavens are still resounding with potent influences. Do something for God, and do it right away or you will never do it at all.

Time flies away fast,
The while we never remember;
How soon our life here
Grows old with the year
That dies with the next December!

TEMPERANCE.

Mrs. Nation, of Kansas.

Prelude to the sermon, January 28, at Saratoga Street Church, Boston, by the pastor, Chas. A. Crane.

When police, sheriff, mayor and governor combine to nullify a righteous law, we have a state of anarchy. It is a virtual dictatorship by executives. Benjamin Harrison justly says that it is a monstrous idea that an executive may select such laws as may please him to execute, and nullify the rest. This monstrosity has begotten the fury of a woman of Kansas who has assailed outlaws and criminals who are protected by the infidelity, the unfaithfulness of officers of the law. No one approves violence. But tell me, my friend, what would you do if the paid and sworn officers of the law stood motionless by while your children are assailed and your best right—protection by law—is being stolen by protected criminals? I think that you have none of that kind of goodness which will sit silent while such wrongs are committed. While I am trying to follow the Prince of peace, I still believe, with Wendell Phillips, that a true Christian will spring at the throat of a sin as soon as he sees it. Acid and alkali will fuss when they come together. My kind of religion refuses to mix with sin. There is a kind as calm as oil. You can get it. Now note this fact, that every excuse you make for the nullification of righteous law, is an argument for anarchy. Excuse faithless officials, and you justify Mrs. Nation. You will remember that she is assailing nothing but law-breakers and outlaws whose villiany is coddled and compounded by officials who nullify the law they swore they would enforce. Put any label on her you will, it is still a fact that since she has appeared upon the landscape, the criminals in Kansas have not had a good night's sleep. In a state where governor and mayor and sheriff have abdicated for the pleasure of the "poisoners of the public," she has become a terror to the evildoers. You say that it is not her place. Possibly, but it is vacant. That is the reason a fanatic can take it. When the law is abandoned in favor of criminals, when public officials fortify crime and make it safe, when law is annulled by politics, when executives assume the role of legislature, judge and jury, and when criminals push their crimes upon a hopeless community which has been forsaken by its sworn protector, resistance is obedience to God. But you tell me that Mrs. Nation has violated the law. Has she? Are you familiar with the laws of Kansas. She has attacked the pirates of the seas of commerce, she has assailed the highwayman of trade and school and home, she has struck at the parasite of human industry; she has indeed violated the prudish laws of a dainty conservatism by screaming out against the debauching of the public conscience by pampered crime, and possibly it is unwomanly to assail criminals. But gentlemen, what will you have when men (so-called) desert their places, but not their salaries, and permit the law they swore they would enforce, to be regularly and safely broken by the worst element of the community? I confess that I am surprised that righteous women are as quiet as they are while being constantly sold out by poltroons and politicians in office who combine with criminals to defeat the law. A slave I pity. A rebellious slave I respect.

The worst Mrs. Nation can do in her feeble way, is the sublimation of Puritanism compared with the safe nullification of law by its executors.

"Intemperance begets a hereditary disposition to vice. The lineage of the notorious Jukes family has been traced to a man who is described as a hunter, sometimes a vagrant and always a hard drinker, and seven eighths of whose descendants were either paupers or habitual criminals. In the thirtieth annual report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York, we find the detailed premises of an estimate that the total loss to society by the crime and shiftlessness of that one family amounted in 75 years to nearly a million dollars. With rare exceptions the female descendants of that generation of dram-drinkers were almshouse pensioners or harlots. The males with still rarer exceptions, were theives, vagrants and paupers."

In view of the fact that so many of the organized industries of the world are demanding that employees abstain from the use of intoxicants, President Jordan, of Leland Standford Jr. University, is reported as saying that before long drinking will be allowed nowhere save among politicians.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Jackson County.

Evergreen. Edward Lakes visited friends, Sunday.

Thadeus Drew visited his mother, Sunday.

John Amex has found his lost sheep.

Your correspondent [C. J. Lakes] is clearing up ground and fencing it, preparing for crop-making.

Thomas Hilliard has rented and moved on the farm belonging to Isabel Drew.

John Mathis is suffering from a bullet wound received by accident from Ballard Howard's revolver.

Louis Lukes and brother are making cross ties, which they expect to float to Livingston, for sale.

Mason County.

Maysville. Mrs. Alice Darnell entertained the "None Such" Society, Friday evening, in grand style. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, most all the members were present and highly enjoyed them selves.

The Mason County Teachers Association held an interesting meeting at the residence of Mrs. S. W. Stevens, Saturday morning. They will hold their next meeting at Prof. Reid's home on E. 5th St.

Miss Lela Tabor is quite ill at her home on Willet St.

George Hinton is suffering with la grippe.

The many friends of Mrs. B. H. Garrett, regret very much that on account of the death of her husband, she will make her home Paris.

The High School Allumni was delightfully entertained Satuaday evening by Miss Frances Strawder. Prof. Reid and Miss Gordon, of Newport, were present and made some very interesting remarks. Their next place of meeting will be at Miss Miss Lucille Dinwiddie's on Lexington St.

Mrs. Laura Strawder is sick with la grippe on 6th St.

Mrs. Fannie Lewis is quite ill at home on Grave St.

Madison County.

Peytontown. Rev. I. Miller, who has been to Lexington on business, has returned.

The family of Wm. Phelps are down with the measles.

Wilmore Gentry, grandson of John Gentry, died Feb. 8, of pneumonia. The funeral was at the Campbelle grave yard and was conducted by Rev I. Miller.

Through sickness Rev. R. Munday was unable to fill his appointment last Sunday at Peytontown.

Wallaceton. Miss Carrie Wallace has measles.

James Gaffney's family is better of the measles.

Green Gabbard has had something like la grippe.

Little Maggie and Sheltie Anderson have measles.

W. O. Anderson who has had the measles is much improved.

S. P. Taylor who has been visiting here will return to his home in Illinois in a short time.

Mrs. Dovie Watson of Berea who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ballard, returned home Sunday.

John Wylie has rented the Ed Smith farm of about 30 acres, on White Lick, where he intends to move in a short time.

Mrs. Sam Eden was the guest of Mrs. Gibb Gaffney Saturday and Sunday.

Bourbon County.

Millersburg. The la grippe patients are recovering. Mrs. Nellie Henderson is able to be out again.

Hon. James Graham entertained the Hon. H. A. Tandy of Lexington, Grand Master of U. B. F. Lodge, Thursday.

Ladies of C. M. E. Church will give a valentine entertainment Thursday evening.

Commencement exercises will be at Christain Church, Tuesday. Diplomas of graduation will be awarded to Hattie Mayberry, Frank P. Lewis, and Loucile Jefferson. Prof. Hathaway of State Normal will present the diplomas.

Miss Lottie Ming and Mr. James Myers of Paris were quietly married last week.

Mrs. Thomas Clay inproves slowly; her brother of Cincinnati, is at her bedside.

Miss Libba Hansford has opened a select school at her home. See her for terms and send your children.

Clay County.

Ogle. A mad dog passed through here Wednesday doing much damage among stock also biting several dogs.

Noah Hubard of Goose Creek has moved to the head of Otter Creek.

Jason Jones who went to Oklahoma about five years ago has returned.

Mrs. Tom Smallwood who has been ill has recovered.

Leander Smallwood of Goose Rock has moved to this place.

T. F. Clark and wife are visiting relatives at Goose Rock.

Moses Jackson of this place has sold out to Henry Mize.

Bright Shade Mrs. Mary Mills visited friends in Manchester recently.

Houston Smith has returned to Bright Shade from Knox county, where he has been working.

There has been good progress made in the singing school at Mud Lick under the tuition of James Pennington. Mr. Pennington commenced another school at Mill Creek last week.

Alex Means of Ogle paid us a short visit recently.

Mrs. Lucy Smith is recovering health slowly.

Add Smith has returned from Pineville where he has been working.

Jasper Smallwood has been a guest at the home of Miss Nancy Smith.

Owsley County.

Eversole. Mrs. Pleas Moore is very ill at this writing.

Sheriff Neely and brother W. F. Neely, started Wednesday for Frankfort with the murderers of Stephen Riley, who were sentenced to the State prison for four years.

W. B. Combs, of Little Buffalo was in our midst, Sunday.

The little daughter of Billie Jennings, who has been very ill with croup, is better.

Mary Combs visited friends on Buck Creek Saturday and Sunday.

Jerry Reynolds and son, from Perry Co., visited relatives in Owsley Co., Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lucy Reynolds and Jennie Gabbard visited relatives on Indian Creek, Sunday.

Success to the Citizen.

Gabbard Mrs. Rachel Duff is on the sick list.

James Marcum, of Booneville, was here last Saturday on business.

Mr. Mayes, a very old man of Cow Creek, died last Tuesday.

C. B. Gabbard, went to Booneville Tuesday.

Henry Evans, of Moores' Creek, Jackson county, was here last Tuesday and Wednesday. He had been on a visit to Breathitt county.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Caudell have a fine new boy at their home.

L. C. Roberts, has moved to Wolf Creek.

Cordell Roberts, of Wolf Creek was at Tallega one day last week.

James Eversole, of Manchester, was here last week.

The Citizen always has something interesting for everyone.

We advise our friends not to drink whiskey or play cards. It is always the foundation of trouble.

Bony Callaham went to Cincinnati Saturday to have his affected eye taken out. He was accompanied by L. F. Cole.

Circuit Court adjourned Saturday last after a two-weeks session. The greater portion of the time was taken up on trials for murder. Six prisoners were sentenced to the pen; viz., Elisha and Elijah Bowlin, and two brothers named McIntosh, each for four years for complicity in murder. App Murrell, for seven years and Abe Wilson, fifteen years for killing Lewis Moore. Wilson and Murrell are also indicted for the killing of James Moore.

PATENTS

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Subscribe for THE CITIZEN.

THE HOME.

Edited by Miss Grace J. Stokes, Instructor in Domestic Science, Berea College.

THE FARMER'S HOPE.

BY RUTH STOKES SEARS.

The home maker must have wider knowledge than one in any other profession. She will be called upon to make use of knowledge in all lines. She must be a mathematician; by expansion she is often required to make a garment out of four yards of goods when five is the required amount; by contraction and transposition she must often make two old dresses into one new one; the addition of fractions comes in by being able to take the fractional parts of several articles of food of to-day's dinner and prepare from them a savory and appetizing dish for tomorrow's luncheon. She must be a physician, surgeon, and trained nurse, as she must know how to administer simple remedies; she must know what is the best thing to do for a cut finger, a burnt hand, a poor little, aching head or stubbed toe. She must be a chemist, as she must know about the composition and nutritive value of foods, and the right way to combine the different foods to produce strong healthy bodies and minds. She must be an artist; her table must be a picture in itself because of the carefully prepared food and artistic arrangement. She must be a politician; now that she desires or expects to vote, as most housekeepers find that they have enough rights already, but she wants to understand politics so that she may persuade her husband and train her sons to vote intelligently. She must be a musician, as by systematic planning and arrangement of work there will be no rush and hurry, but all will work together so smoothly that to the household the result will be sweet and harmonious. Her sphere has no limit. She must be everything for the sake of everybody; she must know everything, as she must do or direct the doing of everything.

Until within the last few years it was thought that every woman was born with the knowledge of how to keep house, and when the time came for her to go into a home of her own she would take to housekeeping as naturally as a "duck takes to water." People are now beginning to realize that some thought must be given to this all important subject. Domestic science has steadily been gaining grounds for the last 30 years; up to that time it had received but little attention; now there is an opportunity for a favored few to receive instruction in the household arts. There are schools of cookery and sewing in most of the large towns, and these studies have been added as industrials to the course in many of the agricultural colleges. As yet many people have not been made to realize how important it is that they should give as much attention to the education of their daughters in this line as they do to the education of their sons in any profession which they may choose.

(To be continued.)

Photographs

12 on fancy mounts, copied from your photo, 30c. On buttons, 10c. each, 3 for 25c. Send 2 stamps for sample, Wm. Lorimor, Photographer, Danville, Ky. AGENTS WANTED.

Orders for pies, doughnuts, and other products of the Cooking School may be made to Miss Stokes at the Model House.

WANTED—ACTIVE MAN OF GOOD CHARacter to deliver and collect in Kentucky for old established manufacturing wholesale house. $900 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by J. W. Dinsmore, Dean of the Normal Department. Berea College.

Kind and Amount of Reading for First School Year.

Our first duty is to become acquainted with the child and his environments. If we are thoughtful teachers, we will not rush headlong into the "technique" of reading but will devote the first week, at least, to lessons which will reveal the home life and experience of our children. This is the time to let the child know in some way, that you are his friend. Above all help him to become free and confident in your presence. This may appear to be a waste of time but I know that the value of every future lesson is heightened by this mutual good understanding.

The next step must be to awaken within the child a conscious desire to read and to explain the purpose of the lessons which are going to demand so much of his time. There are several ways to do this. I have tried the following plan: Read to your school a story which they have never heard. When you reach the interesting climax, stop and tell the children that you haven't time to read the rest of the story now. Ask them some question similar to this: "Would you not like to learn to read so you could finish this story for yourself?

For the child to desire to read is a very important step in the training of our children but a desire for the right kind of reading is of more importance. For if after the child is able to read, this newly gotten power does not open to him the desire to read that which is noble and inspiring, we as teachers have failed. Our work is to give the child right ideals, quicken right desires and strengthen right tendencies. This can be done partly by leading to right choices in their reading. This must be begun during the very first year of the child's school days. Telling stories, reading and reciting poems to the children, using memory exercises, such as appropriate poems and songs, should be a frequent exercise and constitute a very important part of the child's training in reading for the first school year. Sarah Louise Arnold says: "The choice will never be between the good and nothing, fulness and emptiness; it will always be a choice between the good and the bad." Then how important that the child from the first be helped to desire the right kind of reading. Much is already suited to children's understanding but I also believe that it is advisable to sometimes give them that which they do not fully understand knowing that the future will help them to a fuller understanding. Don't cut literature to the children's comprehension. Let them feel the beauty of it and I know from experience that they sometimes like that which seems beyond them. They like the sound of it. For instance Helen Hunt Jackson's poems on October and on November are beyond them but I know they enjoy them. But a poem, like a picture, should be presented as a whole and never analyzed in the first lesson.

During the first few weeks of school and all through the year, read to the children from the world's best writers. Hans Christian Andersen, Alice and Phoebe Cary, Mary Howett, Longfellow, Whittier, Eugene Field, Robert Louis Stevenson, Kate Douglas Wiggins, and many others have written their best thoughts for children as well as for men and women. Of course the teacher who would guide her pupils in this field must herself appreciate that which is beautiful in literature.

When the child has become somewhat acquainted with the interesting and beautiful thoughts to be found in books, and has a little desire to be able to read them for himself, he is then ready for his first reading lesson. As the teacher gathers her children around her for this lesson, the sentences should be about things in which the children are interested and should express *thoughts*. They should be worth reading and should be grouped together in coherent paragraphs.—Elizabeth Thompson, in The Nebraska Teacher.

THE FARM.

Edited by S. C. Mason, Professor of Horticulture, Berea College

OPEN DITCHES.

Some people, without giving any thought to the matter, seem to think that an open ditch will serve about the same purpose that an underdrain will in draining the land. But those who have tried both know that an open drain in a field that is cultivated from year to year is a nuisance in plowing and in the use of the harvesting machinery. Besides it is a waste of so much land, and weeds and brush are likely to grow along the sides; stock will tramp in them and the sides cave in, and withal an eyesore to every farmer of any business tact. Further, they serve to carry away the fertility of the farm. If the land is liable to a flow of water, more than a large tile drain will readily take up, it is better to lay the tile drain deep enough so as to carry the water of all of all ordinary rains, and then leave the surface depressed above the tile drain wide enough to carry the overflow water, but sloped so that the surface may be cultivatd or passed over without any trouble in the use of farm machinery. In most instances it will be found that open ditches may be replaced with tile drains of sufficient capacity to carry the water likely to come to come to them, which once done and well done, is a permanent improvement to the land, which will prove highly satisfactory in all the years to come.—Drainage Journal.

TILE DRAINING, THE FOUNDATION.

If I were intending to buy a farm that had a heavy soil, a clay or clay loam, such as are most benefitted by tile draining, and if two farms were offered exactly alike in other respects, but one thoroughly tile drained and the other not, with a price of $50 an acre on the one not drained and $80 on the other, I would unhesitatingly take the other. I would do it if I had but one or two thousand to pay down and must go in debt for the rest, because I should expect to pay out quicker on the more costly farm and then have something better when I got through.

But this statement needs some qualifying. It goes without saying that if I bought such a farm, even to keep stock on, to make that a leading feature, and if the land was reasonably adapted for tillage, that is, was not hilly, that I should want in Ohio, say, to grow clover, wheat and corn. And if intending to put in such crops I should want conditions right for raising a large paying crop. This is the way I feel after many years' experience in drajning and with drained lands, and after hearing much from others who have drained. Again, if I bought a clay farm I would run in debt for money to drain it all thoroughly as far as it was to be plowed, and as fast as it was plowed. I would not break up a field without first draining it. As my friend William Strong says, "I would plant tiles before planting a crop every time." I am not sort of on the fence in this matter, or half hearted, but I would do it or let the farm alone. I would do it with a feeling of more certainty that I would get my pay than I had when I gave the money for the land itslf. As one good friend expressed it at an institute last winter: "Good farming is thrown away on wet land " It is too much a matter of luck. And still when I am asked, I often am, whether I would advise any one to go in debt for tiles, I dare not say yes, because so much depends upon the man, whether he will follow up his draining with good farming that will bring the money out of his venture; and, again whether the draining will be thoroughly well done, or whether it will soon be practically of little value. Tile draining is simply the foundation, next to the farm itself, of all good profitable farming on land that needs it. I wish I could grind this into every reader who has such land. There is no more question to-day as to whether two and two make four.—T. B. Terry, in Our Farming.

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